

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE:

OR,  
**Journal of Criticism, Science, and the Arts.**

BEING A THIRD SERIES OF THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1821.

No. 12.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Sermon, delivered, December 22d, 1820, being the two hundredth Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.* By Alvan Hyde, D. D. Pastor of the church in Lee, Mass. Published by request, at Stockbridge, Mass.

Of the one hundred and one pilgrims, who, in 1620, left kindred, home, and country, encountering the dangers of the sea, of climate, famine, pestilence, and war, "for conscience sake," one half were cut off within a few months after their landing at Plymouth.

This small company thus reduced, with the addition of thirty-five of their friends the following year, planted the New England States, containing at this day, more than a million of inhabitants, and more than twelve hundred organized religious societies. They have furnished, at least, an equal number of inhabitants for the other states, by emigration. Yet this territory occupies but a small space on our map of the Union—so small, that at the distance of a few feet, old Massachusetts can hardly be distinguished without a painful effort of the eye. It has few advantages of soil, or climate. Its surface is generally mountainous, rocky, sterile;—its winters are long and cold, and its extreme of summer heat exceeds that of the tropics.

To what causes then shall we ascribe its unexampled growth and prosperity? To the united influences of Commerce, Literature, and Morals. A bold and adventurous spirit, stimulated by necessity, and tempted by an extensive sea-coast with innumerable harbours to make its "home upon the deep," has brought them wealth from every quarter of the globe. For half a century they have furnished fishermen, whalemén, navigators, and carriers, for nearly half the world. While enterprise could discern a ray of hope, they pursued it to the ends of the earth. The Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Indies, the South Sea, the North-west Coast, all teemed with their ships. In fact, the

anecdote of Dessalines and his bag of coffee, is not less applicable to them, than illustrative of his own character. Their towns now vie in wealth and splendour with the first commercial cities, with this striking difference from other cities in the United States. Their capital is almost universally the result of their own industry and enterprise or that of their ancestors, and they possess a decided national character. In our other cities, if we mistake not, a foreign capital is at the foundation of most of the fortunes that have been made in mercantile adventure—and go where you will, into Philadelphia, New York, or Baltimore, and between the natives, English, Irish, Scotch, French, Dutch, and Yankees, you will be somewhat puzzled to make out any prevailing, characteristic, national traits.

In New England, a spirit derived from the same ancestry (that of the Plymouth pilgrims) regarding the early improvement and cultivation of the mind, as intimately connected with all social happiness, moral worth, and public usefulness, established every where schools and colleges. The effect of these institutions, is an illustration of the principle, that "knowledge is power." It has been felt in the most eventful periods of our national history, has had its weight in all our public councils, and is still exerting an immense, though silent influence upon the destinies of this Union. Upon this occasion we cannot forbear noticing an extorted compliment to one of her distinguished statesmen, from the contumelious editor of the Quarterly Review. In a late number of that journal, free use is made of the opinions of Fisher Ames, and he is alluded to as "one of the ablest American writers, a man of sound sense, and true political wisdom."

But the wealth derived from Commerce, and the power of knowledge, would have been of less consequence to them, without that soul-preserving piety which pervaded and governed their whole system. It is this principle which more particularly characterises the institutions of New En-

gland. In every little hamlet, they have a teacher educated and appointed, and the whole and sole business of whose life it is, to instruct them how "man should pursue his own true happiness." Travel where you will in these states, and every few miles you will see a neat, commodious little church, with its spire pointing to heaven. No soul takes its departure from earth, but the event is announced by the slow and solemn tones of the parish bell. Their Sabbaths are truly days of rest, and enable one to realize the poet's feelings,

Dear is the hallow'd morn to me,  
When village bells awake the day,  
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,  
Call me from earthly cares away.

In this same village of Lee, where the sermon under consideration was delivered, crossing the Housatonic, a few hundred rods west of the pretty meeting-house, on a pleasant knoll shaded by poplars, you will see a neat, two story, yellow house, with a few lilacs, rose-bushes, and fruit-trees in front, and rows of maple or elm on each side the road. This is the parsonage. The little tract of land around it under handsome cultivation, together with a grove of one or two hundred sugar-maples half a mile in the rear, some thirty years ago were given as a settlement to the present clergyman. His salary might have been at first, one hundred pounds, and has since been increased, not to exceed five hundred dollars a year. With this settlement and salary, we are informed, he has brought up a family of nine or ten children, and educated some of them at college, ministering regularly and faithfully all the while to his little flock;—with what credit to himself, how esteemed and beloved by his parishioners, and how respected by his neighbours, it might be offensive to living ears, to relate. Suffice it to say, there is neither joy nor sorrow in his flock, in which he does not share a part, nor dispute in the neighbouring churches, in which he is not appealed to as a mediator.

The sermon is altogether credita-

ble to the piety, knowledge, and good sense of the reverend clergyman. He does not pay any great attention to the *jus et norma loquendi*, as regarded by polished writers, and will not be suspected of an intention to dazzle with eloquence. The scholar must not read our extracts with the hope of finding "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The style is simple, didactic, and adapted to the taste of his parishioners. Delivered in a humble village, to unlettered yeomanry, a display of rhetoric, or profound learning, would have been equally out of place.

The following is probably, a faithful sketch of the "origin, character, and trials of the first settlers of New England," and is worth bringing, the two hundredth time, into public view.

The class of people, from whom our forefathers descended, had their rise in the reign of queen Mary, in the year of our Lord 1555. They advocated the reformation, which Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Knox and others, had commenced, near the beginning of the 16th century. Their zeal to avoid whatever their consciences deemed unwarranted by the word of God, and to effect greater purity in religious worship and discipline, exposed them to the hatred and persecution of the established church, and of the great men in power.

During the reigns of queen Mary, and her successors, queen Elizabeth, and king James I., the puritans experienced the severest trials and hardships. Though they were a class of people of whom the world was not worthy, yet they were compelled literally to "wander about, destitute, afflicted, tormented." But they firmly adhered to their faith, and exemplified, in their lives, the self-denying religion of their Lord and Master. They appear to have been a chosen generation. Tracing their history from their rise, we find, that this people, like the posterity of pious Seth, distinguished themselves, by abstaining from the idolatry, superstition, and corruptions of the age, in which they lived.

In the year of our Lord 1602, a number of these devout christians assembled together, in the northern part of England, and entered into a covenant, in which they gave up themselves, first unto God, and then to one another, and solemnly engaged to maintain the worship of our Lord Jesus Christ, free from human inventions. Viewing the Act of Uniformity, passed by the first Parliament under queen Elizabeth, which was rigorously enforced, as destroying all their religious freedom, they conscientiously refused to conform. With the doctrines of faith, contained in the thirty-nine Articles, they fully accorded, but they considered the modes and forms of religious worship, im-

posed upon them by authority, as unsupportable. They not only separated themselves from the church of England, but they voluntarily embraced a banishment into Holland. After residing a short time at Amsterdam, to which place they first removed, they finally settled in the city of Leyden. This was about seven years from the time they entered into covenant with one another in England. "In that city," says Dr. Cotton Mather, "this people sojourned, an holy church of the blessed Jesus, for several years, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Robinson, who had for his help in the government of the church, a most wise, grave, good man, Mr. William Brewster, the ruling Elder." But it was not the will of the Head of the church, that this should be the place of their final residence. On witnessing the profanity of their neighbours, and their habitual violations of the Sabbath, their minds were soon filled with deep concern for their posterity. It was with pain, that some of these pilgrims saw their sons, with a view of obtaining a livelihood, enter the Dutch armies and navy.

After much consultation, fasting and prayer, they resolved, if God should prosper them, and, in his providence open a way, to remove to America, having heard many favourable reports of this western world. This church had considerably increased, at Leyden, and contained three hundred communicants. It was resolved, that only a part of the church, consisting of younger members of the most vigorous constitution, should first embark for America, and that the pastor should abide with the others, for a season, with the full expectation of following them, as soon as divine providence should render their removal expedient.

Having made the best arrangements they could, under their circumstances, and hired two ships, one called the *Speedwell*, the other, the *May-Flower*, they once more solemnly set apart a day for fasting and prayer. On that occasion, Mr. Robinson preached from *Ezra 8th*, 21st.—"Then I proclaimed a fast there at the river Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." They now took their leave of the pleasant city, where they had been pilgrims and strangers for eleven years. Accompanied by their affectionate friends, they came to the sea-side, where they were to embark. Here, a scene opened, which no language can describe;—a scene, which even the Dutch spectators, standing on the shore, could not witness without being drowned in tears. Here, their beloved pastor, on his knees, poured out their mutual petitions unto God; and here, the pilgrims endeared to each other, by the strongest ties, wept in each others arms, until the wind and tide called them to bid adieu. This was on the 2d day of July, 1620.

On the 5th of August, they sailed from Southampton in England; but on account

of unfavourable weather, and the unsafe condition of one of their vessels, they were obliged twice to put back, before they came to the Land's End. They were, at length compelled to dismiss the poorer vessel from their service, and then as many as could be accommodated, entered on board the other ship, the *May-Flower*, and took their final departure from the land of their fathers, on the 6th day of September. One hundred and one persons of the adventurers embarked. Their voyage was tedious and perilous, but protected by the almighty arm of Him, who controls the proud waves of the sea, and guides the storm, on the 10th of November following they fell in with the land, at Cape Cod, and going on shore, they took the humble posture of suppliants, and devoutly offered thanks to God for their preservation.

Their design was to have planted themselves near the mouth of Hudson's river, but their neighbour's in Holland, having their eyes on that part of the country for a plantation, had influenced the master of the vessel to transport them to a different place. God, who is wonderful in council, over-ruled for their good what they considered, at first, as a great disappointment. The Indians, on the borders of Hudson's river, were, at that time, numerous and powerful, and had this feeble band of christians landed there, as they intended, they might all have been massacred. In the region of country where they arrived, there had just before been a sweeping mortality among the natives. It is supposed that nine tenths of them had been cut off, by a kind of plague. The first planters found vast numbers of their unburi'd carcases, wherever they went. "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantest them, how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out."

While in the harbour of the Cape, our forefathers signed an instrument, as a foundation of their civil government, and chose Mr. John Carver, a pious and prudent man, to be their governor. Having spent a number of weeks, in exploring the inhospitable coast to which they had come, with a view to find the most eligible place for settlement, they at length, after many toils and perils, landed on the 22d of December, 1620. This day completes two centuries, since that interesting event. Recollecting that Plymouth was the last place from which they sailed in England, they agreed to call their new settlement by the same name.

A general and very mortal sickness soon began among them, which, in two or three months, swept off about one half of their company. Of this small number, sometimes two and even three died in a day. They were not only destitute of comfortable accommodations to meet such scenes of distress, but very few of them

were well at a time to take care of the sick. The most credible historians affirm, that they were four years, in this wilderness, without any domestic cattle for milk or labour. In repeated instances, under all their toils and fatigues, they supported life, for days and weeks together, without bread, feeding upon the wild nuts of the woods, and shell-fish.

On the 10th of November, 1621, just one year from the time the first company reached the Cape, about thirty-five of their friends from Holland arrived to join this little band and to strengthen their hands. Among these was Mr. Robert Cushman, a man of public education and distinguished for his piety. Soon after his arrival, he preached a sermon at Plymouth, the object of which was to encourage the pilgrims to keep their property in common stock, so that no one should possess more than another. This sermon was printed in London, in 1622, and afterwards re-printed in Boston. From the Preface annexed to the sermon, it appears that our fathers supposed New England to be an island, of about the size of England, separated from the main land in America, as England is from the main of Europe.

We extract, also, some of his remarks upon their "pious zeal and efforts to establish civil, religious, and literary institutions."

The many trials of these pilgrims did not make them forget their object, in coming to America, which was to lay a foundation for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and to provide a peaceful asylum for the persecuted friends of the Redeemer. Civil government they considered as an ordinance of God, and when established on principles founded on his holy word, and faithfully and impartially administered, an invaluable blessing to any community. The civil compact which our fathers signed before they left the ship, in the harbour of the Cape; has the following preamble: "Having undertaken for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country to plant the first colony," &c. After the preamble, they solemnly engaged, in this instrument, "submission and obedience to the laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and officers, that from time to time should be thought most convenient for the good of the colony." I have already mentioned, that, at this time, they chose for their governor, Mr. John Carver. This worthy man died early in the spring of 1621. The pilgrims, deeply impressed with the importance of civil government, chose Mr. William Bradford to succeed him. To these transactions of a few men we may trace the origin of the government of this Commonwealth, which has been so great a blessing to their posterity for two hundred years.

In the year 1630, the colony of Massachusetts was established, and Mr. John

Winthrop was chosen governor. In honour of him it has been said, he was the Washington of his time. Three years after, the Rev. John Cotton, who had been settled at Boston, in England, arrived, and being duly called, was set apart as a religious teacher in the town, which has long been the seat of government. The town was called Boston, in honour of Mr. Cotton, who removed from the town of that name in England. Mr. Hutchinson, the historian of Massachusetts, makes the most honourable mention of this divine. He has this remark, "Mr. Cotton is supposed to have been more instrumental in the settlement of their civil, as well as ecclesiastical polity than any other person." Another historian remarks, "The General Court, knowing that the political institutions of the Israelites have been the chief guide of all great legislators of ancient and modern times, desired Mr. Cotton, with the assistance of governor Winthrop, to make an abstract of the judicial laws of Moses, and prepare them for their adoption. These were approved by the General Court, and became the fundamental laws of the colony." It appears, that the laws enacted by the legislatures of the respective colonies were, essentially, of a similar character. "For laws of a civil nature," says the writer last referred to, "the laws of England were their principal guide; for those which respected the interests of religion and morals, the holy scriptures were their general standard."

Not only in civil but ecclesiastical matters, the fathers of New England acted with great caution and prayerfulness. Mr. Robinson, the beloved pastor of the distinguished church in Leyden, who intended to have followed that part of his flock which came to Plymouth, with the remainder, was prevented by his lamented death. The little flock, at Plymouth, was without a pastor to administer the sacraments to them, for nine years, though Mr. William Brewster stately preached to them. In 1629, Mr. Ralph Smith took the pastoral charge of them, and was their first regular minister. None of the difficulties and embarrassments of these tried friends of the Redeemer hindered them from strictly observing the Lord's day, and spending it in the devout and pious exercises of religious worship. They also early set apart particular seasons for fasting and prayer, and thanksgiving, and, eventually, observed them annually. This example has been followed by their descendants.

Many of the first ministers of New England were not only men of distinguished talents and eminent piety, but they were men of extensive erudition. They had been favoured with all the advantages for a deep and thorough acquaintance with the sciences, which the best colleges in England could afford. Such were the Rev. John Cotton, settled in Boston,—the Rev. Thomas Hooker, settled in Hartford, and the Rev. John Davenport, settled in

New Haven. Among the adventurers to this new world, there were also civilians, no less distinguished for their piety and learning. Such were governors Bradford, Endicott and Winthrop. Learned themselves, and feeling the importance of learning to the rising colonies, which they had been instrumental of planting, they turned their thoughts, with no little zeal, upon the great subject of founding a college. As early as the year 1736, the General Court advanced a small sum with reference to this object. This sum was soon augmented by the liberality of private benefactors, especially by the donation of the Rev. John Harvard; and in 1640, Harvard College was founded.

### *Melmoth the Wanderer; a new novel.*

By Maturin, author of 'Women,' &c. lately republished at Boston.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

We are not quite sure that we have an accurate notion of the precise character of the hero of this strongly conceived, and powerfully (though unequally) written romance. As we understand it, however, he is a man of wild and desperate curiosity, who, having sought initiation into the fearful secrets of the invisible world, has been induced to avail himself of infernal agency, and to form a dreadful compact with the prince of darkness. The terms of this covenant with hell, may be stated by Melmoth himself.

"I obtained from the enemy of souls a range of existence beyond the period allotted to mortality—a power to pass over space without disturbance or delay, and visit remote regions with the swiftness of thought—to encounter tempests without the hope of their blasting me, and penetrate into dungeons, whose bolts were as flax and tow at my touch. It has been said that this power was accorded me, that I might be enabled to tempt wretches in their fearful hour of extremity, with the promise of deliverance and immunity, on condition of their exchanging situations with me—No one has ever exchanged destinies with Melmoth the Wanderer."

In one of Mr. Maturin's Sermons, there is the following passage.

"At this moment is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disregarded his word—is there one of us who would, at this moment, accept all that man could bestow, or earth afford to resign the hope of salvation?—No, there is not one—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer?"

This observation supplied Mr. M. with the hint of this tale, and at first led us to suppose that his hero was a fiend despatched like Belphegor to earth, though on a different errand:



The passage, however, which we have previously quoted, affords the true key to his character, although Melmoth is made to express himself hypothetically. Hence, amid all the demoniacal fierceness and malignity of his character, there are occasional, though brief relentings, faint touches of human feeling, transient flashes of something like communion with his species, which in some small degree mitigate the terrors of this awful being, who moves restlessly and rapidly through the world for the term of one hundred and fifty years; anxiously but vainly seeking, among the most dreadful scenes of misery, some wretch who would consent, for present rescue and unbounded means of enjoyment, to barter his hopes of salvation, and thus relieve Melmoth from the penalty of his bond, by accepting as his substitute, his power and his despair. His adventures are described in a series of tales, which are introduced with considerable skill in such a way as to increase the general interest. The descriptions of the awful and agonizing visitations among which he is continually moving, and of which he makes every effort to take advantage, are worked up with tremendous truth and force, though sometimes with a minute accuracy which defeats its object by exciting disgust rather than terror, and reminds us of the Newgate Calendar, or the adventures of Jean Baptiste Couteau, rather than of the *terribile via* of the painters of Schedoni and Frankenstein.

The Wanderer first drew breath in an Irish castle, *anno* 1646; and the living agents of the romance, including himself, are introduced to us in 1816, on the same spot; where his portentous re-appearance has the effect of frightening to death his lineal descendant, a rich miser whose dying exhibitions of the master passion are portrayed with great strength. The heir, a young man of much mental energy, discovers a picture by which he afterwards recognises 'the Wanderer,' whose form and aspect were only remarkable from the strange and portentous lustre which flashed from his eyes. The younger Melmoth is directed by his uncle's will to a mysterious and mutilated manuscript, which with much difficulty he decyphers, and finds it to contain the adventures of Stanton, an Englishman who, about the year 1676, visited Spain in the course of his European

travels. From this tale, we cannot avoid transferring to our pages the following magnificent description.

On the night of the 17th of August, 1677, he found himself in the plains of Valencia, deserted by a cowardly guide, who had been terrified by the sight of a cross erected as a memorial of a murder, had slipped off his mule unperceived, crossing himself every step he took on his retreat from the heretic, and left Stanton amid the terrors of an approaching storm, and the dangers of an unknown country. The sublime and yet softened beauty of the scenery around, had filled the soul of Stanton with delight, and he enjoyed that delight as Englishmen generally do, silently. The magnificent remains of two dynasties that had passed away, the ruins of Roman palaces, and of Moorish fortresses, were around and above him; the dark and heavy thunder-clouds that advanced slowly, seemed like the shrouds of these spectres of departed greatness; they approached, but yet they did not overwhelm or conceal them, as if nature herself was once awed by the power of man; and far below, the lovely valley of Valencia blushed and burned in all the glory of sunset.

Stanton gazed around. The difference between the architecture of the Roman and Moorish ruins struck him. Among the former are the remains of a theatre, and something like a public place; the latter only the remains of fortresses, embattled, castellated, and fortified from top to bottom—not a loop-hole for pleasure to get in by—the loop-holes were only for arrows; and denoted military power and despotic subjugation *a l'outrance*. The contrast might have pleased a philosopher, and he might have indulged in the reflection, that though the ancient Greeks and Romans were savages, (as Dr. Johnson says all people who want a press must be, and he says truly,) yet they were wonderful savages for their time, for they alone have left traces of their taste for pleasure in the countries they conquered, in their superb theatres, temples, (which were also dedicated to pleasure one way or another,) and baths,\* while other conquering bands of savages never left any thing behind them but traces of their rage for power. So thought Stanton, as he still saw strongly defined, though darkened by the darkening clouds, the huge skeleton of a Roman amphitheatre, its arched and gigantic colonnades now admitting a gleam of light, and commingling with the purple thunder-cloud, and — the solid and heavy mass of a Moorish fortress, no light playing between its impermeable walls—the image of power, dark, isolated, impenetrable.

\* It occurs here, rather unfortunately for Mr. M.'s hypothesis, that the Moors have left 'traces' of this sort quite as decided as the Romans: their mosques, their palaces, their gardens, are all exquisite of their kind.

Stanton forgot his cowardly guide, his loneliness, his danger amid an approaching storm and an inhospitable country—all this was forgot in contemplating the glorious and awful scenery before him—light struggling with darkness—and darkness menacing a light still more terrible, and announcing its menace in the blue and livid mass of cloud that hovered like a destroying angel in the air, its arrows aimed, but their direction awfully indefinite. But he ceased to forget these local and petty dangers, as the sublimity of romance would term them, when he saw the first flash of lightning; broad and red as the banners of an insulting army whose motto is *Vae victis*, shatter to atoms the remains of a Roman tower; the rifted stones rolled down the hill, and fell at the feet of Stanton.——He stood and saw another flash dart its bright, brief, and malignant glance over the ruins of ancient power, and the luxuriance of recent fertility.

Amid this awful scene, the Wanderer first presented himself to Stanton: as a number of peasants slowly passed along, bearing the bodies of two persons who had been struck by the lightning, he was startled by the 'loud, wild, and protracted' laugh of that mysterious being. By the circumstances of this meeting, and by subsequent occurrences, the mind of Stanton was inflamed to an insane excess of curiosity, increased by a glimpse and momentary converse in London, until a mercenary relation, taking advantage of his eccentricities, confined him in a private mad-house. Here, while driven to the very verge of madness by the cries and yells which incessantly harassed him, and by his own sufferings and despondency, Melmoth appeared before him; the 'melodious smoothness of his voice,' contrasting frightfully with 'the stony rigour of his features, and the fiend-like brilliancy of his eyes.' The tempter offered liberation and felicity, but at a dreadful price—he was repelled with horror, but the impression was never effaced; and when Stanton afterwards procured his liberty, he set forth, with morbid restlessness, to his strange visitant. His quest was unsuccessful, but in the course of his inquiries, having ascertained the Wanderer's Irish origin, he visited Ireland, and left at the castle, the manuscript which was now costing the younger Melmoth so much pains to decypher. A tremendous storm and signals of shipwreck having called the latter to the shore, he there sees his terrific ancestor standing on a crag, unruffled even in the skirts of his clothing by the raging tempest. In an attempt

to scale the rock, young Melmoth falls into the sea, and is only rescued from death by a Spaniard swimming from the wreck, the sole survivor of its crew. This brings on the story of Monçada, with a long series of monastic sufferings and persecutions, terminating in the dungeons of the inquisition, and the vain attempt of the Wanderer standing by him in the cell, to persuade him to give up his final hope. The following passage from Monçada's dream on the eve of his condemnation, is one of those horrible realizations of torture which Mr. M. is rather too fond of employing instead of less violent methods of producing impression.

'I saw the stage before me—I was chained to the chair, amid the ringing of bells, the preaching of the Jesuits, and the shouts of the multitude. A splendid amphitheatre stood opposite,—the king and queen of Spain and all the nobility and hierarchy of the land, were there to see us burn—the fires were lit, the bells rang out, the litanies were sung,—my feet were scorched to a cinder,—my muscles cracked, my blood and marrow hissed, my flesh consumed like shrinking leather,—the bones of my legs hung two black withering and moveless sticks in the ascending blaze; it ascended, caught my hair,—I was crowned with fire,—my head was a ball of molten metal, my eyes flashed and melted in their sockets;—I opened my mouth, it drank fire,—I closed it, the fire was within,—and still the bells rung on, the crowd shouted, and the king and queen, and all the nobility and priesthood, looked on, and we burned and burned.'

He awoke, and the Wanderer was by him to tempt him with the hope of liberty. It came, however, in a less destructive shape: the buildings of the Inquisition caught fire, and the condemned captive found an opportunity of escaping. This scene is powerfully described, and the figure of Melmoth, standing on the spire of a neighbouring church to contemplate its horrors, with the various groupes of guards, prisoners, and Inquisitors, is well sketched and shadowed. Monçada found refuge in the vault of the Jew Adonijah, who sets him to read a manuscript which contained the story of a young and interesting female, born of Spanish parents, left alone in childhood on an island in the Indian ocean, found there by Melmoth, and singled out by him as his victim. In this part, there is much that is merely fantastic; but in the scene where he is represented as showing her the emblems of the dif-

ferent religions of the earth, he has fallen into a lady Morgan-like blunder. Where did he learn that Mahadeva is 'a goddess?' If Mr. Maturin will take a journey to mount Cailasa, he will find, at least if he trust the Hindoos, Mahadeva enthroned there in all the honours of masculine divinity; and though proper to represent her as possessed of little power, he will, on further inquiry, find that he is not less a being than Seeva, one of the three principal deities of Hindoostan. The beauty and innocence of Immalee, the young Indian, and her fond attachment to him, touch the heart of the 'Wanderer; he leaves her, but meets her again when restored to her family, and under the name of Isidora still cherishing the remembrance of her former state. After many scenes of horror and death, a clandestine marriage takes place, and Isidora finally dies in the cells of the Inquisition, refusing Melmoth's offers of liberation at the expense of the hope of eternity. The fate of Isidora gave a stronger pang to the heart of her seducer, than any he had felt before. He had struggled to save her from his own fatal influence; he had, in his own phrase, stood between her and himself; but the die was cast, and his victim perished. In the course of this tale, two others are incidentally related: the first contains the history of Walberg, and paints the agonies of a starving family in the colours of a Spagnoletto. Even here, however, the temper fails; though Walberg is kept from giving way only by the influence of his admirable wife. The second is the pathetic story of Elinor, whose life is occupied in a withering attendance on the steps of her lover, struck to idiocy by calamitous events, but who resists to the last the Wanderer's conditional offers of restoring sanity to the object of her unalterable affection. Melmoth at length attains the stipulated period, returns to the castle of his ancestors, and after a night of shrieks and fearful sounds, disappears.

Such is the frame-work of Mr. Maturin's inventions, and such the foundation on which he has rested a strange and fantastic fabric, which, amid much extravagance, exhibits the incontestible signs of genius and power. We shall insert one extract more, with the preliminary remark, that we were not aware of its existence when we wrote the opening paragraphs of this article.

'I cannot,' says Mr. Maturin in his preface, 'again appear before the public in so unseemly a character as that of a writer of romances, without regretting the necessity that compels me to it. Did my profession furnish me with the means of subsistence, I should hold myself culpable indeed in having recourse to any other, but—am I allowed the choice?'

We can only say that, while we deeply regret the necessity here intimated, we think that there are better and even more profitable subjects on which a mind like Mr. Maturin's might be employed. We should hope that the sale of his sermons might be such as to induce him to hold on in that way; but we would, with the most friendly dispositions, caution him against staining his pages with the effusions of sectarian prejudice. They do the 'Puritans' no injury, certainly; but they cannot raise the author in the estimation of moderate men on either side.

#### [ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.]

#### DYSPEPSIA.

#### *Dr. Abernethy's Instructions for Dyspeptic Patients.*

It is a principal object of medicine to give strength and tranquillity to the system at large; but we cannot reasonably expect this tranquillity while there is disorder of the digestive organs; and as we can perceive no permanent source of strength but from the digestion of our food, it becomes important on this account that we should attend to its quantity, quality, and the periods of taking it, with a view to ensure its perfect digestion.

1st. *As to quantity*, there can be no advantage in putting more food into the stomach than it is competent to digest, for the surplus can never afford nourishment to the body; on the contrary it will be productive of various evils. Being in a warm and moist place, the undigested food will undergo those chemical changes natural to dead vegetable and animal matter.—Such new and irritating compounds may not indeed materially injure a healthy stomach, but cannot fail to be detrimental to one that is weak and irritable. Observing the evils resulting from undigested aliment, we surely ought cautiously to guard against them, by proportioning the quantity of our food, to the digestive powers. In proportion as the powers of the stomach are weak, so ought we to diminish the quantity of

our food, and take care that it be as nutritive and easy of digestion as possible. By adopting an abstinent plan of diet, even to a degree that produces a sensation of want in the system, we do that which is most likely to create appetite, and increase the powers of digestion. In how great a degree want effects these objects is evident in those who have been obliged to fast from necessity, or have been much reduced by bleeding.

2d. *As to quality.*—When the stomach is weak, it seems particularly necessary that it should be nutritive and easy of digestion.—I may further observe, that its qualities should be adapted to the feelings of the stomach. In proof of this proposition, numerous instances might be mentioned of apparently unfit substances agreeing with the stomach, being digested, and even quieting an irritable state of stomach, merely because they were suitable to its feelings. Instances might also be mentioned of changes in diet producing a tranquil and healthy state of stomach, in cases where medicines have been tried in vain. Neither can such occurrences excite surprise, for as digestion and the consequent tranquillity of the stomach depends on a proper quantity of healthy juices being secreted and commixed with the food, such secretions are likely to be produced, by whatever agreeably excites it, and obstructed by whatever has a contrary tendency.

3dly. *As to the times of taking food,* it is evidently the intention of nature that we should put into the stomach a certain portion of food, the excitement of which, inducing a secretion of the fluids of the stomach, by its action becomes digested. This office of the stomach being affected, it should be left in a state of repose, till its powers are restored and accumulated. It is probable that three hours may elapse in health, before the digestion of a moderate meal is affected, so that the stomach is empty and in a state of repose. It is therefore, reasonable to allot the same portion of time for the same purpose while the organ is disordered, whilst we have diminished the quantity of our food, in order to proportion it to the diminished powers of the organ; yet instead of pursuing this rational plan of diet, many persons are taking food every third or fourth hour, pleading in excuse for such conduct, that they cannot do without it. The truth is,

that when the stomach is disordered, the exertion of digesting a single meal after its excitements and efforts have ceased, is productive of sensations of languor, sinking, and inquietude, which ought to be calmed, or counteracted by medicines and not by food, for, a second meal cannot be digested in this state of the stomach.

The rules then for diet may be thus summarily expressed: We should proportion the quantity of food to the powers of the stomach—adapt its quality to the feelings of the organ, and take it at regular intervals of six or seven hours, thrice during the day. *Exercise*, I believe, is not employed as a medical agent, to the extent that its efficacy seems to deserve, of its medical effects I entertain a high opinion—it is right, however, to direct patients not to exert themselves for sometime previous, nor for three hours after their regular meals. A weak and irritable patient may not be able to walk more than half a mile without nearly fainting with fatigue on the first day of the experiment; by persevering he will be able to undergo considerable muscular exertion, without weariness.

I would prescribe to my patients the following rules: They should rise early, when their powers have been refreshed by sleep, and actively exercise themselves in the open air till they felt a slight degree of fatigue; they should rest half an hour, then breakfast, and rest three hours, in order that the energies of the constitution should be concentrated in the work of digestion: then take active exercise again for two hours, rest one and take their third slight meal. I do not allow the state of weather to be urged as an objection to the prosecution of measures so essential to health, since it is in the power of every one to protect themselves from cold by clothing, and the exercise may be taken in a chamber by walking actively forwards and backwards.

I also caution patients against *sleeping too much*; when the disorder, which has been the subject of this paper, has been long continued it does not admit of a speedy cure; hence, attention to air, exercise, and mental tranquillity, are more decidedly beneficial than medicines.

#### LAW.

While our English friends, Messrs. Gifford & Co. of the Quarterly Review, continue, so kindly, to point

out the faults of our character and institutions, it is but fair to reciprocate the favour. Among the anomalies of the English Law, and the influences of British hierarchy, there is not a more extraordinary injustice, than that *Quakers* should be excluded from giving evidence in criminal cases. The Jew, the Mahometan, the Gentoo, are all admitted, under the forms prescribed by their respective religious sects, in the administration of an oath. The Quaker is excluded;—and yet not universally;—he may give evidence in civil cases;—but at this day, if a man's life were depending upon facts within the sole knowledge of such a man as Wm. Dilwyn, his testimony could not be received. The law is thus laid down and commented upon in Phillips' Evidence, and we should like to know whether the champions of British church and state can show that this author is wrong in saying, "*there is no good reason for such law,*" or whether they consider lord Mansfield as too severe in observing, "*that Quakers are at present under some hardship.*"

"There appears to be no good reason for not admitting the solemn affirmation of a Quaker in all cases, as well as the oath of a Jew or Gentoo, or any other person, who thinks himself really bound by the mode and form in which he attests. Before the revolution, Quakers, who refused to take a legal oath, were treated as obstinate offenders, and subject to penalties. But, these hardships have been removed by the toleration act, which first allowed them to make a declaration of their fidelity to the state, instead of taking an oath of allegiance, and exempted them from all pains and penalties, on their making, if required, certain other declarations there prescribed. And now, by subsequent acts, their solemn affirmation in courts of justice is admitted to have the same effect as an oath taken in the usual form, *excepting only that on such affirmation they are not permitted to give evidence in criminal cases.* This exception has been continued in the several succeeding acts of the legislature on this subject; but the propriety of such a distinction seems questionable, unless it can be shown, that evidence requires less sanction in civil cases than in criminal, or that Quakers in making their solemn affirmation do not consider themselves under a strict religious obligation to speak the truth.



The legislature, by not admitting the affirmation of Quakers in criminal cases, must be understood to mean, causes technically criminal. They may be received in penal actions; as, in an action for debt on the statute against bribery in elections; so, on a motion for an attachment for non-performance of an award, or on a motion to quash an appointment of overseers; these proceedings being of a civil, not a criminal nature. But in all cases, which are substantially of a criminal nature, the affirmation of a Quaker is inadmissible; as, in an appeal of murder, though it is in form a civil proceeding; so, on a motion for an information for a misdemeanor, or on exhibiting articles of the peace, or on a motion for non-performance of an order of court. Where the application to the court is *against* a Quaker, his affirmation may be received in his own defence, though the proceeding be of a criminal nature.

It has been observed by lord Mansfield, that Quakers are at present under some hardship, in not being able to call other Quakers as witnesses in their defence, on a charge of treason or felony; since in these cases, witnesses on behalf of the prisoner are to be sworn, before they can give evidence, like witnesses for the crown; and no exception is made in the statute, in order to give a prisoner the benefit of a Quaker's testimony."

*Phil. Ev. pp. 20, 21, last edition.*

#### ANALECTA,

*Or Extracts from New Books.*

#### MR. BERRIAN'S TRAVELS.\*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 165.]

After a second perusal of this volume and a more thorough acquaintance with its characteristics of style and matter, we are disposed to think Mr. Berrian will be considered by his readers the most agreeable of the American tourists that have lately given their adventures and observations to the public, in the form of a book of travels. From this comparison we would not except even the accomplished author of the "Political state of Italy," notwithstanding the lofty encomiums lavished on that work by his fellow traveller, the edi-

tor of the North American Review. Mr. Berrian has performed very satisfactorily all that he undertook, and the modest title of his book excites no expectations that are likely to be disappointed in the perusal of it. A personal narrative in a simple, easy unaffected style, interspersed with a due proportion of remarks upon passing objects, and not swelled by tedious quotation from earlier writers, has all the charm that we should look for in the conversation of a well informed, well-bred, travelled gentleman—and such is the standard of merit which every tourist, in appearing before the public, ought to keep in view. Mr. Lyman aims higher and attempts a wider scope, but all that his book contains does not fully redeem the extensive promise of his title page.

There are two signal claims to favour in the volume before us, which ought not to pass unnoticed. The first and most conspicuous is the remarkable liberality and candour with which the author treats the modes of worship, rites, and ceremonies of the Roman church.

We have nought to do with polemics in this journal, and shall not enter upon any defence of the doctrine of popery, but it may be allowed us to express our gratification at seeing such testimony as Mr. Berrian's, borne in favour of the sincere and devout piety of the Italian people. It is often asserted that the Romish religion is not of the heart, but consists solely in external observances and unmeaning forms; it is cheering therefore, to the philanthropist as well as the christian, to be convinced of the contrary by such evidence as this. Mr. Berrian is himself, a pastor of the Episcopal church, and evidently a zealous member of the Protestant communion; in such a character, we could forgive a little prejudice and even bigotry, against the peculiar ceremonies of Catholic worship, as failings that 'leaned to virtue's side,' and rather incident to his professional than his individual character. But he is nobly above the need of any such indulgence, and richly deserves the praise of uniting the most enlightened toleration of the sectarian creed of other men, with the most faithful zeal for his own.

The other praise which we particularly desire to award to him, is his apparently undeviating veracity and ingenuousness. We cannot indeed,

vouch, from personal knowledge, to the accuracy of his details; here the editors of the North American, have the advantage of us—they, it seems, by their own account, have not only seen Italy, but written notes on it also,—and such notes too,—so very clever that it is a matter of self reproach to have hidden them so long from the world,—but without having been at Rome, it is not difficult to judge from intrinsic evidence, that Mr. Berrian sets down nothing for fact but what he knew to be true, and gives faithfully a transcript of the record which he made, at the time, of the impressions made on him by the various objects as they were presented to his attention.

Now, this humble virtue of simple accuracy, is not so common nor so easily practised, as might at first be supposed. Unfortunately human resolution is so frail, that when a man delivers orally or in a book, a tale of the prodigies he has seen, and the wonderful adventures he has met, the temptation is strong and often irresistible, to embellish his narrative with something additional and factitious borrowed from hearsay, and incorporated into, and confounded with his own experience. Thus even the classical and clerical Eustace, "as we happen to know," has introduced into his 'Tour,' some very captivating descriptions of objects that existed only in his imagination, or more probably, in the imagination of the informant, in whose testimony he relied. And thus Lady Morgan in her 'France,' made the well known mistake of praising the poems of a certain Parisian writer, as if she was herself well acquainted with him, relying on the information given her by a mischievous wag, who thus brought her into the dilemma between having commended what she had never seen, or having admired verses which no modest woman could bear to read.

The consequence of these indiscreet reliances on hearsay is, that a general distrust is excited of the truth of the whole work; and Eustace's trips, above mentioned, and lady Morgan's poet, have been the occasion or the excuse for immoderate censures, and unreasonable doubts of the veracity of those writers in other points.

We left Mr. Berrian at Rome—he visited Loretto and the principal towns in the north of Italy, taking a rapid survey of each. At Milan, an

\* Travels in France and Italy in 1817 and 1818. By the Rev. William Berrian, an assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York. Published at New York, 1821. 8vo. pp. 4.

incident occurred of some curiosity, as indicative of the state of feeling towards this country.

"My visit," he says, "to the gallery of Count Lechi, lately a general in the army of Bonapare, was preceded by an unusual formality. It was necessary to announce my name and country. The collection is more select than extensive. Some of the paintings appeared to be masterly, particularly the rustic banquet by Téniers, the Magdalen of Titian, the portrait of Francesco, by the same, two likenesses by Lotto, and an inimitable piece of John the Baptist, by Morone.

"A picture on the ceiling, by Paul Veronese, from which the bashful modesty of a delicate female among us would have turned aside, attracted the particular and passionate admiration of a Milanese lady present. I happened to be looking at it at the same time, when suddenly taking her eyes from it, she said to me with a kind of transport, 'I am never wearied, Sir, in gazing on that picture.' Two English ladies who were in her company, had not yet attained enough of foreign feelings, to give it any thing more than a passing glance.

"I had been but a few minutes in the gallery, when a person of elegant appearance and manners entered, and the servant who had at first accompanied me, immediately left the room. The exchange occasioned no surprise, and it was my impression that this new attendant was the principal domestic. But he made some excuse for not having come up sooner, apologized every time he left me to wait on a party of ladies in the adjoining rooms, conversed with them with an easy familiarity, and occasionally made observations to me on the United States. At length I began to suspect that the person who was my guide, instead of being one of the household, must be the count himself. He had made so many explanations, and been so assiduous and polite in his attention for two hours together, that this suspicion greatly embarrassed me. If he were only the chief servant, it would be proper to make him an extraordinary present, but if he were the master, what a proof of stupidity in me, and what an insult to him to offer it! When we went down stairs, whilst he attended the ladies to the door, I seized that opportunity to make some inquiry of the servant. Having ascertained that it was the

count, I mustered up the courtliest terms in our republican vocabulary, to express my sense of the honour he had done me. He received my acknowledgments with as much modesty as urbanity. This unusual instance of courtesy was probably shown to me, not merely on account of my being a stranger, but an American."

He made the passage of the Alps into Switzerland—of the remainder of his journey, he gives but a slight sketch in conclusion. We shall extract his description of Bonaparte's great road over the *Simplon*, and his account of Italian character and manners, &c. and take our leave, much impressed with the taste and good sense displayed in the volume, and regretting that he did not extend his journal so as to comprehend his remarks on England and Scotland.

"*Passage of the Alps.*—Soon after we began to ascend the Alps. Their rough sides were softened by cultivation, and spotted with the shepherd's cabin, or farmer's cot. The pass grew narrower continually, and the huge masses of craggy rocks, partially covered with a thin herbage and scattered trees, rose up on each side almost perpendicular with indescribable grandeur. The breadth of this gorge was in many places not more than three or four hundred feet, where the height was probably from one to two thousand. The sides of the mountains were furrowed with deep ravines, and cascades falling from an immense height with innumerable streams, hastened to join and swell the river Tosa, which plunges, and foams, and roars in its headlong course through this dark and gloomy valley.

"On entering Domo Dossola we passed a triumphal arch, which had just been raised in honour of the Bishop, who was expected on the following day to administer the rite of confirmation. Decorated with branches and vines, it was quite an interesting exhibition of rustic pomp.

"The mountains which surround Domo Dossola appeared finely by moonlight. The next morning when the sun broke over their tops it was an hour after its rising. The river Veriola appeared before us, between steep and lofty rocks, rolling on with writhing and uproar. The upper region of the neighbouring Alps was white and glistening. Neat cottages, farm-houses, and churches, occupied the heights, and the town itself

the arena of this vast and stately amphitheatre.

"At a short distance from this place we passed one of the marble columns, lying in the road, which had been prepared for the triumphal arch of Bonaparte at Milan.

"To describe the impressions which were made by the wild majesty of the objects around us, as we ascended higher in this pass, would seem like rhapsody, though I were even to fall short of my actual feelings. The road frequently shifted from one side to the other, and in crossing the bridges we overlooked the torrent at a frightful depth below. The mountains, between which we were now enclosed, drew nearer together, forming, on each side, a wall of tremendous height. The river was also more interrupted, and the descent became so steep and irregular as to render it one succession of furious rapids, or beautiful waterfalls. In the Val di Vedro, a little beyond Crevola, we entered the first of those wonderful galleries, which were pierced through the solid rock, at points where the road could not be carried around them. This is two hundred and forty feet in length, and fourteen in breadth. Besides the general aspect of these rude valleys, a hermitage, a convent, or chapel, placed on some height which appeared almost inaccessible; the rills oozing from the mountains; the cascades tumbling from the precipices, or rushing down the ravines; the ever varying appearance of the principal stream, now flowing more calmly, and then pent up and impatient of confinement, bounding from rock to rock in sheets of foam; the fine bridges at every turn, and the beautiful windings of the road, gave to every portion of the scene some characteristic feature and some peculiar source of interest.

"After mounting up the narrower and sublimer gorge of the Yeselles, and passing Isella, we came to the confines of Switzerland. It was with a sincere and deep emotion that I left a country where the eye, the ear, the taste, the imagination, and every faculty of soul and body are filled with enjoyment; a climate so salubrious; a region adorned with all that nature in her prodigality could bestow, and enriched with all the refinements of art; a land peopled with recollections, even where it is forsaken and solitary, and brightened, where it is fair and flourishing, with



the reflection of past glory. I could not forbear the wish, though it was beyond the dream of hope, that this fond view of Italy might not be the last.

"A few wretched stone cottages, scattered through this dreary valley, in which there seems to be scarcely any thing for the support of either man or beast, might have been looked for, but it was a singular thing to see, in such a place, spacious and substantial storehouses, at certain intervals, to receive the merchandise of travellers. These are among the many conveniences which mark every part of this magnificent route.

"Here we noticed the remains of an avalanche which fell about three months before. It diverted the course of the river for a time, and carried it over the road.

"As soon as we entered Switzerland the mountains looked more stern and daring. Notwithstanding, however, the grandeur of all that I had seen, scarcely any part of it had equalled the boldness and extravagance of my preconceptions. Now, at some points, that stretch of the eye was necessary to reach the summit of the Alps, which came near to the flights of fancy. But, at the second gallery, my imagination yielded to the power of nature. I was transported and overwhelmed. To the right, a broad sheet of water precipitates itself from a high rock, and rushes into the torrent beneath. A beautiful stone bridge, which crosses it, leads to the dark mouth of the subterraneous passage, cut through the mountain. In a deep and narrow gulf, to the left, the superb and impetuous cascade of Alpirnbach comes down into the river with a noise that stuns and confounds us. The pass is here so contracted that the sides are not more than a hundred feet apart. In looking at these falls, the course of the foaming river, this deep and awful defile, these gray and shagged rocks, rising steeply at first, and then slightly retreating and soaring till their snowy ridges almost appeared to have reached the zenith of heaven; I was amazed by the sublimity of the spectacle, and confessed that the works of God surpassed all the thoughts of man.

"My companion, to whom the route was familiar, could not share in my excitement and transports, and frequently left me lingering behind. Having done so now, I walked through

the second gallery, which is six hundred feet long, thirty high, and twenty-four wide. It is lighted by three large holes broken through the side of the mountain.

"The grand military road of Bonaparte is one of the most extraordinary works which was ever projected by human power, or executed by human art. Where nothing had ever been seen but the zigzag track of mules, whose riders' heads must have often swam with giddiness, there is now a broad and smooth highway, and two carriages may pass each other with perfect security. There were obstacles of every kind, from precipices, torrents, avalanches; and, at certain points, the engineers pronounced it impossible to proceed any farther. Bonaparte declared they should, and all obstacles were overcome.

"The road is built upon a most solid foundation, and the lower side is supported by a wall from five to thirty feet in height, which is usually surmounted by a low parapet. The bridges are frequently of stone. Where water oozes from the mountains, wells are dug, on the inner side, to let them pass beneath the road; and where they collect in torrents, they are carried off through subterraneous aqueducts. Where the sides of the mountains appeared loose and crumbling, walls were raised against them to guard against accidents; and where rocks were ready to fall, they have been propped up with stones and mason-work. Where avalanches are accustomed to roll, they have set up triangular stones along the outer side of the road, with the sharp edge within, to cut them in their course. Where mountains seemed to have defied their advances, they have perforated or removed them. In addition to all this, magazines were established at certain distances, as was before remarked, for the storing of merchandise, and seven charitable houses of entertainment for the reception of the cold and hungry, the lost and way-worn. He who has travelled over the Simplon can alone know all the greatness of Bonaparte, and however he may detest his character, he will at least admire this daring conception of his genius, and successful attempt of his power.

"In emerging from the second gallery there is another charming view of the fall of Alpirnbach. The passage, soon after this, was so contracted that the dark and frowning rocks

seemed almost to meet above, and threaten the destruction of the traveller.

"A little before the village of Simplon we came to the third gallery, which is two hundred and forty feet in length. Near this point, where the mountains have a fearful declivity, a battle took place, in 1802, between the French and Austrians, in which the former was victorious; and, in 1814, another, in which they were vanquished.

"Though it was midsummer, we were at so great a height that snowbanks were lying along the road. The village of Simplon is nearly five thousand feet above the sea. When we had attained this elevation, the altitude of other mountains, which came more fully in sight, seemed to be in no degree diminished. Here we saw the bright cerulean tops of the glaciers.

"At a short distance from this village a large hospital, calculated to contain three thousand persons, was begun by Napoleon, but has never been finished.

"In descending the Simplon, towards the Vallais, we passed through the fourth gallery, and rode on the very edge of an awful precipice. It appeared to me a thousand feet in the first plunge to the valley, which afterwards continues to descend for several miles. My Swiss companion, with, perhaps, as much truth as exaggeration, remarked, that I ought not to count here by feet, but by toises. The profound gulf before us, so abrupt in the onset, and steep in its lengthened course, and the lofty mountains, rising above it on each side, with another distant chain crossing it at the foot, affected me more than any thing in the whole route. The view was sublime and appalling in the highest degree, and, till I was a little familiarized to it, my admiration was suspended by terror.

"Two or three times, in this part of the road, we perceived, in the wrecks of the fir and cedar trees strewn on the sides of the mountains, the devastating course of the avalanches, which sweep every thing before them.

"Leaving the glacier of Kaltwasser, from which there are several cascades of an amazing height, we entered the fifth gallery, and winding along a giddy precipice, overlooked the same wild and terrific valley, its noisy stream, which is one of the sources of the Rhone, and the villages at an im-

mense distance below us. We crossed the bridge of Kanter a little beyond Persal, and made the last subterranean excursion through the sixth gallery, which is the shortest of all. The road on this side of the Simplon was much more neglected than on the other, but notwithstanding this circumstance, and the frequency and suddenness of the turns in it, we came down in the evening at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. About ten o'clock we arrived at Brieg, at the foot of the mountain. The distance from this place to the base of the Simplon, on the Italian side, is about forty-five miles.

*"Italian character and manners.—*In the course of my narrative but few general remarks have been made on the Italian character, because, from my short residence in the country, I did not think myself qualified for so nice and difficult a task. Individual traits have been noticed as they appeared, and all the incidents which might illustrate it as they occurred. But they have not been sufficiently numerous to authorise, in many cases, any very positive inferences. We must have been long among a people, admitted cordially into their society, acquainted intimately with their language, and prepared by habits of accurate observation, before we can give a just view of their character. Few strangers can pronounce decisively upon it without presumption. This applies, in an especial manner, to Italy. The country is too much impoverished to permit the richest to be very hospitable. From the peculiarity of some of their customs—from their rooted attachment to the Romish religion—the proud recollections of past glory—and the exasperation produced by recent injury and oppression, visitors from several nations are apt to meet with coldness and reserve. The Austrians are abhorred for their tyrannical exactions, and for the sordid parsimony which hoards up the fruits of their rapacity. The French are disliked by many for their rivalry and vanity, and for the manifold evils too fresh to be forgotten. The English, by their religion, their gravity, the severity of their opinions upon certain points, and the difference in the whole cast of their habits and manners, have still less affinity with the Italians. Any of these, who are properly introduced, may be well received, though, perhaps, with less cordiality than in any other nation in Europe. The

American, except in the Neapolitan kingdom, finds predilection instead of prejudice, but yet he is peculiarly circumstanced. We have scarcely any connexions with this people. Those that exist have arisen almost entirely out of a very inconsiderable trade, and are confined to a few commercial ports. We have no privileged orders among us who can procure us admission into the best society here; and though, from accidental intimacies, or from letters obtained abroad, individuals may sometimes be enabled to associate with the nobility and gentry, yet I never heard of many of our countrymen who had enjoyed this advantage. As to myself, I had fewer letters for Italy than any where else, and these were chiefly to Americans and Englishmen residing in the country. Some, received here and in France, were the principal means of giving me a nearer view of the domestic life of the Italians. I was fortunate enough also, from the casual acquaintances of my journey, to be furnished with opportunities of enlarging my observations, and of making up my opinions with greater accuracy; but they are still very limited and imperfect.

"The Italians, with the exception of some in the lowest walks of society, are a kind-hearted and affectionate people. We discover this in their general air and manner, in the little courtesies of life, in the endearing nature of their salutations to each other, and in the warm attachment arising, very often, out of incidental and transient intimacies. A friend, in meeting another, addresses him with "*Caro, caro*," a term, appropriated, among us, to those alone who stand in the tenderest relations to us. If he is visiting a villa, and finds at the gate the porter's wife, or asks a question of any woman in the streets, he always prefaces it with "*Sposa, sposa*," an appellation which is not peculiarly significant in itself, but which impresses a stranger pleasantly by the softness of the sound and the familiar regard with which it is spoken. If he introduces you to his family or friends, it is with such extravagant expressions of kindness as would make you uneasy were you not soon put at ease by as kind a reception. If he parts with you for a time, he kisses you on both cheeks, with many an *addio*; or if he receives you after any absence, there is the same token of regard, with the most

hearty greetings. Even at a coffee-house where you are well known, on your return from a journey, the servants will accost you with a smile, and "*ben arrivato*."

"How much of all this is felt it is difficult to say, but it is accompanied with such an appearance of openness and sincerity as induced me to give them credit for a good degree of it, and to believe them a kind and amiable people.

"This is likewise shown in their general urbanity towards strangers, and in the many obliging offices which they are disposed to render to them. They do not, as was before remarked, indulge in an expensive hospitality. They are sparing of their money, but not of their time and trouble.

"The state of morals, from all that I could learn, is deplorable. The licensed gallantry in the married state among the upper classes, furnishes a fearful conjecture of their corruption in other points; for how can the social or domestic virtues be cherished where the practice of the highest brings no honour, nor the violation of it any reproach? Home has not our ties. It is not so much respected and endeared, and accordingly there never was perhaps any people who lived so much away from it. The promenades, the coffee-houses, the *restaurants*, and all public places are filled with them.

"The people of the lower classes appeared to me almost uniformly deceitful and dishonest. An exception is a prodigy. The persons with whom a traveller has most to deal, are not, indeed, a fair specimen of the morals of any country. But we were occasionally brought into contact with others not comprehended under this description, and there seemed to be a settled design among all to impose on the ignorant, and to circumvent the cunning and informed. Perpetual vigilance, and the nicest precautions, are the only security against perpetual plunder. And sometimes in resisting the fraudulent exactions of the more vulgar, our firmness is nearly subdued by their fierceness, brutality, and clamour. I have trembled at the malignant grin and scowl on these occasions, and almost feared a deadly purpose.

"Much of this inconvenience, which is the greatest drawback on our pleasure in this delightful country, may be avoided by settling the price of

every thing, however trifling, beforehand, and by acting in all cases when you are satisfied that you are right, with determination, and, at the same time, with moderation and prudence.

"The Italians have less gayety and vivacity than the French, but more good nature, more uniform cheerfulness, and greater equanimity of temper. They will become earnest and warm in conversation, and so rapid, vociferous, and varied in the intonations of their voice, that those who are unacquainted with them would imagine that a storm was gathering, when perhaps no other emotion is felt than a lively interest in the subject under discussion. But they do not, like the latter, under real provocation, kindle in a moment, and burst out into such uncontrollable transports of passion.

"They have been generally accused of indolence, but it is not so much from their love of inactivity, as from their having so little to do. The poor universally, and even the lazzaroni at Naples, are all anxious for employment, and the eager competition and scrambling for it, is one of the constant vexations of the traveller.

"This hasty sketch is faint and unfinished, but as correct as my brief observations would enable me to make it."

*Julia Alpinula and other poems.* By J. H. Wiffen author of 'Æonian Hours,' &c.

(From the Monthly Review.)

Although it is now too late to dispute the dogma, *poeta nascitur*, of the Roman author, which has been suffered to pass unquestioned into a much approved axiom, we may yet be permitted to assert that, even in this heaven-bestowed mystery of poetry, success must in a great measure be owing to the attention and cultivation of mind which are devoted to it. A poet does not start into existence like Minerva from the head of Jove, full grown and ready armed: he has to undergo the painful discipline of a poetical infancy; to study all the intricate delicacies of poetical expression; to chain down his vivid thoughts and lofty aspirations in the fetters with which taste had restrained the language of poetry; and, lastly to be hold without discouragement his own weak efforts, and not to despair when he places his compositions at the side of the marvels which past times have wrought. The arm of the warrior was

once weak in infancy; and our own times have afforded us an example of a poet, whose after-labours have been so superior to his juvenile attempts that he may be said (in his own language) to

— "misbeem the promise of his spring."

In forming a correct judgment of the merits of a poet, therefore, we may be able to speak with accuracy of the extent of his powers, while it is impossible for us to ascertain to what a pitch he may improve them: but, when the same author again appeals to the public, we are then enabled not only to speak of his positive excellence, but to form an opinion of the progress of his mind and the probability of his eventual success. It is, indeed, among the pleasantest of our labours to mark the gradual improvement of a poetical character; to see the high and noble thoughts which had been but dimly shadowed out in the fearfulness of youthful enterprise, gradually assuming their own vivid and beautiful shape, cleared from that indistinct twilight which pervades a young poet's mind; to observe him wisely throwing off those puerilities of style, that false affectation of singularity, and that gaudiness of colouring, which are so generally the faults of youth; to behold his compositions assuming a chaster simplicity of feeling, and a severer and deeper tone;—in short, to find the strong marks of matured reflection occupying the place of youthful inexperience, and all the most delicate feelings of the heart stripped of every false ornament and laid open to the view. This is the lofty course which we delight to see a young and ardent spirit pursuing, in the too rare instances in which we can perceive it; and to such an one we exclaim, "*Macte igitur virtute, puer.*"

The author of the volume before us has, we suppose, met with sufficient encouragement in his former attempts to induce him again to appear before the public; and we have the satisfaction of remarking a decided improvement in his style, though it still betrays many inaccuracies and imperfections. In reading his poems, the first idea which strikes the mind is a sense of indistinctness, a want of clearness of effect, which is often observable in the compositions of young authors. In the mind of the poet, no doubt, shades of thought and feeling exist, which he can express only in terms that are very inadequate to convey a strong and vivid sense of his

meaning; and yet even this approximation to beauty is felt, though it may not be perfectly understood, by those who possess a high and poetical imagination. Some of the finest passages in Shakspeare are written in this spirit;—passages which it would be impossible to analyse, or reduce into common language. When, however, this indistinctness of thought and expression pervades the general style of a poet, it becomes a fault instead of a beauty.

For the story of Julia Alpinula, Mr. Wiffen is indebted to the mention of it in the third canto of "Childe Harold." It may, however, be doubted whether the incidents and characters were sufficient in variety and interest to form the basis of a tale, even of the length of that which Mr. W. has produced. After having perused his 'Julia Alpinula,' no one would imagine that it was the story of which the author of Childe Harold had asserted that he knew no history of deeper interest. The digressions and the reflections, also, in which Mr. Wiffen has indulged, have rendered his narrative rather dull.—The story is very simple. Julia was the daughter of Julius Alpinus, the chief of Aventicum, who, when the consul Cecina was ravaging his country, armed himself at the call of freedom, and was taken prisoner by his enemy. His daughter throws herself at the feet of the consul, and prays for the life and liberty of her father: when Cecina, pretending to grant her request, orders the bonds to be struck off the limbs of the captive, and directs him to be led out of the hall. He no sooner passes the threshold, however, than he is treacherously put to death by the Roman knights; and Julia, dashed from the heights of hope to despair, mourns, droops, and dies.

The portrait of Julia is very pleasingly drawn:

'And she was beautiful! her face  
Was flushed with an angelic grace:  
The anorous Sun had wooed it too,  
And touched it with a richer hue;  
But those who gazed might well declare  
They could not wish that face more fair.  
Her locks of hyacinthine brown,  
O'er the white brow hung loosely down,  
Contrasting in the shades they throw,  
With the blue, loving eyes below,  
And in those eyes there shone a ray,  
That like a sweet, consuming fire,  
Thrilled every soul with chaste desire,  
Yet kept all evil things away.  
They who but slightly viewed, had said  
Pride was her intimate for tall  
She was—and in her lightest tread  
Moved like a princess, but of all



That seeming loftiness, the key  
Was an inborn nobility;  
The spirit's fire, the crowning charm  
Of a mind exquisitely warm:  
In whose unallied leaf was wrought  
All that was delicate in thought,  
And beautiful indeed, with these,  
She sought all living things to please,  
But most to act a daughter's part  
Was the Aurora of her heart.  
So grateful for a kindness! kind  
Herself in act, and thought, and mind;  
'Tis true, the assurance was not loud,  
But those who heard might more than guess  
The resolution deeply vowed;  
Her fine eyes swam with tenderness,  
And spoke appeal more eloquent  
Than words can breathe, or fancy paint.  
Their passionate orbs such brilliance haunted,  
As soothed by turns, by turns enchanted;  
They seemed to chain the gazer's soul  
As if with an electric link,  
And most he felt their strong control,  
When most their timid glance would shrink.  
Like sunshine somewhat spent in shade,  
The smile upon her features played;  
A glory, bursting half from gloom,  
So vividly, and yet so swift,  
We cannot fix its transient bloom,  
For pleasure's, or for sorrow's gift,  
But deem it Heaven's own Cherubin,  
Lighting the lamp of soul within.'

The parting of the father and daughter is also well told:

'How could he see his daughter's face,  
How meet her mournful, mute appeal,  
And in her long and last embrace,  
And in her voiceless anguish trace  
All that himself must shortly feel,  
And in her desolate farwell  
See the despair she will not tell.  
Oh why should hearts no fears can shake,  
With softer feelings bend or break!  
He wanders wide,—he lingers late.  
Passing, he treads the longest way,  
Then, all impatient of delay,  
With swift stride intercepts his fate;  
He stands within the Ionic gate—  
The gate—the marble hall—alas  
That e'er that hall he must re-pass!  
—She sate, her pale cheek on her hand;  
Each drooping eyelash wet with grieving;  
She heard his step—she saw him stand—  
Nor could resolve her mind's misgiving;  
As wilder grew her bosom's heaving,  
She raised her blue eye from the door,—  
In him there was no sign of strife,  
And steadfastly her glance he bore:  
That stoical resolve could tell  
To her the dreaded truth too well;  
She did not rise—she did not speak—  
She uttered voice, nor groan, nor shriek,  
But low in virgin meekness bowed,  
And nature's daughter wept aloud.'

The following lines, which breathe much tender and melancholy feeling, are the commencement of the death-scene of the desolate Julia:

'The leaf is yellowing on the tree;  
Glad o'er the blossom hums the bee;  
The sun declining from his height  
Sends down to earth a heaven of light,  
Not sad, thought soft—not gay, though glowing;  
The deep, clear lake has stilled its flowing;  
The boat, within its waters glassed,  
Feels not a breath of air blow past;  
Not one small bird we hear to tune

Its bill beneath the mellow noon;  
But blue-eyed girls of fairy shapes  
With simple hymns to fill the vallies,  
As from the vines they pluck the grapes,  
And press the purpling Autumn's chalice,  
And earth below, and sky above,  
Are full of quiet full of love.  
'Twas in the twilight of the eve,  
Julia the last time walked abroad;  
The hue—the hour—the water's heave—  
And splendid sky her spirit awed.  
Then brought the sweet south wind to soothe,  
Warm from the blooms she nursed in youth,  
A fading breath, a fragrance sere,  
In funeral of the withered year.  
It came, it played with odorous wings  
Upon her lyre's thrice holy strings,  
Which oft, when day had ceased to roll,  
She touched to soothe her father's soul.  
That odour of decay, that tone  
Across her languid senses blown,  
Whispering divinely of the praise,  
The endearments of departed days,  
Unlocked, as with a golden key,  
The long-sealed springs of memory.  
The air was bliss, the music balm,  
Her quick heart fluttered at the charm  
And she was soothed; her gentle mind  
All things renewed, recalled, combined,  
She loved and lived o'er all again,  
If not with pleasure, not with pain;  
For pain she felt: had lost its sting,  
Death had no bitterness to bring;  
Refined from passion's earthly shade,  
O, what was life but bliss delayed!  
She looked to heaven; the darkening blue  
Melted into her heart like dew;  
That heart was happy, and though night  
Was gathering quickly o'er it bright,  
She felt her passing hour was come,  
And pined for her Elysian home.'

We should be glad, if our limits allowed us, to transcribe Julia's hymn to Proserpine; which is written in the style of the invocation to Sabrina, in *Comus*, and contains many spirited lines.

#### MIRANDOLA.

When it was announced that a tragedy from the pen of Barry Cornwall, would soon appear, the London amateurs were thrown into a fever of anxious expectation; and rumour whispered, perhaps not unprompted by the politic managers of Covent Garden, that nothing like it had been seen since the time of Shakspeare.

How far the predetermination to be pleased influenced the judgment of the theatrical critics we know not. But certainly the play does not deserve to be considered so great a prodigy.

It appears from the prologue, that the author aimed at an imitation of the earlier English dramatists; it is difficult, however, to find any strong resemblance, as Mr. Cornwall evinces more delicacy and greater elegance of thought and expression, with however, much inferior strength, than we

perceive in the dramas of those he calls "his mightier masters."

The scene of this play is laid in Italy, and the plot is borrowed from the story of either Philip II. of Spain, or D'Este, one of the dukes of Ferrara; the character of *Mirandola*, the author says, is "unborrowed."

Guido, son of the duke of *Mirandola*, loves and is beloved by *Isidora*, a lady of plebeian parentage, and they are secretly betrothed. The young lord is obliged to go to the wars, where he is severely wounded, and a report is carried home of his death. Meantime his father, the duke, marries *Isidora*, she having supposed Guido dead, and induced to the marriage by the poverty and distress of her mother. Guido's letters, both to his father and *Isidora*, have been intercepted by *Isabella*, sister of the duke, and her accomplice *Gheraldi*, a monk, who are in a conspiracy to embroil Guido with his father, in the hope of procuring the reversion of the dukedom to *Hypolito*, (a boy) son to *Isabella*.

The play opens the day after the duke's marriage with *Isidora*. The first scene is at a tavern on the road to *Mirandola*, where Guido arrives, on his way home, ignorant of the marriage, and full of impatience to behold his beloved *Isidora*, whom he supposes still faithful to him. He is accompanied by his friends *Casti* and *Julio*. The dialogue, in this scene, has all the lightness of comedy.

**JULIO.** Now, hostess, we are hungry travellers: go

And strip your larder of it's best: we come With desperate thoughts against it.

**GUIDO.** Pretty hostess!

Are you the hostess of this pleasant place?

**BEAT.** Yes, my lord, yes.

**CASTI.** You make her blush.

**JULIO.** No more.—Good hostess, bide thou in and quickly make

The best of preparation: we shall be

With thee anon. (*BEATRICE exit*)

**GUIDO.** We shall come to thee soon.

**JULIO.** Why, my dear lord, this peasant seems to take your fancy.

**GUIDO.** Oh! I like a pretty face

At court or in a cottage.

**CASTI.** And in camp?

**GUIDO.** No; there one's thoughts are taught to swerve

From their more natural bent.—I hate the camp.

I hate it's noise and stiff parade,—it's blank

And empty forms, and stately courtesy, Where between bows and blows, a smile and a stab,

There's scarce a moment. Soldiers always live In idleness or peril: both are bad.

**CASTI.** I fear that you are right, indeed!

**JULIO.** How! right?

**GUIDO.** I am—

Give me an intellectual nobler life;

Not fighting like the herded elephants, who,  
Reckon'd by some fierce slave, go forth to war,  
And trample in the dust their fellow brute.  
But let me live amongst high thoughts, and  
smiles

As beautiful as love; with grasping hands,  
And a heart that flutters with diviner life  
Whene'er my step is heard.

JULIO. Why, what is this?

CASTI. A picture of a happier lot, dear friend,  
Than you and I have known.

JULIO. Had I not seen

You both fight bravely,—better than myself,  
I should have doubted you.—What! rail at  
war—

Bright eyed Bellona?—Oh! for shame, for  
shame!

I must forswear your company, my Lord.  
For me, I like all folks who follow war,  
Down to the very sutler: I am even  
Friend to the commissary.

GUIDO. Ay, when you run  
In debt.

CASTI. With empty pockets.

GUIDO. Or—or when

He feasts his friends.

CASTI. Or falls in love, and wishes  
To give a trifle to some girl.

GUIDO. Indeed, he is too much addicted—  
while I speak,

I grieve to talk thus of him—

JULIO. Moral Lord!

Oh! this is well. Go on; and, Signior, you  
Who smile but once a week, (then not for joy.)  
But this hostess stays

A long time 'ere she summons us, methinks.  
If I eat double 'tis no fault of mine.

I may as well go in,—and—

GUIDO. But be civil.

JULIO. Civil? I'll be as loving.

CASTI. Ay, and brief

In your discourse.

GUIDO. I shall keep watch o'er you.

JULIO. And th' hostess?

GUIDO. Ay; over both wolf and lamb.

[JULIO exit into the inn.]

CASTI. I never saw you in so gay a mood:  
Have you heard news?

GUIDO. No;—no.

CASTI. I fear I've marred  
Your gayety.

GUIDO. Ah! no: 'twas but a trick  
To cheat away sad folly.—I have heard  
Nothing: my courier never, as you know,  
Returned: my letters are unanswered:—From  
My father (yet he was kind once) I might have  
borne

This fearful silence; but from her—Oh! her  
Whom like a star I worshipped.—Pshaw! my  
eyes

Are like a girl's to-day.—I—I've no doubt.  
But all is well.

CASTI. I hope so.

GUIDO. Ay; I hope.

Why should I fear?—you do not fear? you know  
Nothing, good Casti, of my love?

CASTI. Nothing: be calm.

GUIDO. I know not how it is,  
But a foreboding presses on my heart  
At times, until I sicken.—I have heard,  
And from men learned, that before the touch  
(The common, coarser touch) of good, or ill,—  
That oftentimes a subtler sense informs  
Some spirits of the approach of 'things to be.'  
Fate comes before it's time; like Hope or Fear  
Reverting on the soul, with surer aim.

CASTI. What more?

GUIDO. Oh! I've a deep dull sense of pain to  
come clinging upon my heart.

CASTI. So lovers talk;

And feel, perhaps: Suspense to them is as  
A hideous ghost, changing its shape for ever.  
Thus in wild evenings children's fears, you  
know,

Shape devils out of shadows.—Oh! be gay.  
Morning will soon be here, and she you sigh for  
Will smile these dreams away.

GUIDO. May it be so!  
Let's talk no more of this at present.—Where  
is Julio?

CASTI. Likeliest by the cottage fire,  
Helping the pretty hostess.

GUIDO. Let us go.

You think, then, she—

CASTI. Oh! I think

Not of her; save that she is fair and true.

Stifle these fears: why, in some three hours  
hence

You'll see her.

GUIDO. So I shall, indeed.

CASTI. Let's drink

Her health in purest water.

GUIDO. No: in wine.

CASTI. In wine then, be it.—High Falernian?

GUIDO. Ay,  
In nectar.—Why, methinks, these dreams of  
mine

Are almost banished.

CASTI. With yourself remains

The power to do't. Be lord of your own mind.

The dread of evil is the worst of ill;

A tyrant, yet a rebel, dragging down

The clear-eyed judgment from it's spiritual

throne,

And leagued with all the base and blacker

thoughts

To overwhelm the soul. But come, our friend

Waits, and—the pretty hostess.

GUIDO. There: my hand

Is firm as 'tis in battle.

CASTI. So it is.

Now then; nay, go you first. I'll follow.

[Exeunt.]

In act II. we have the first inter-  
view between Guido and Isidora, after  
her marriage has been made  
known to him.

GUIDO enters.

GUIDO. [after a pause.] Madam, I come to pay  
My duty to you.

ISID. Welcome; you are welcome.

GUIDO. I come to see how well her bridal  
dress

Becomes the Duchess of Mirandola.

ISID. You have been well, I hope?

GUIDO. Since when?

ISID. Since you—

You and I parted.

GUIDO. That's a long time, now.

I have forgot: how is't that you remember?

ISID. I—I—Oh! pity me!

GUIDO. Weep, lady, weep.

Tears (yet they're bitter) purify the soul.

But yours is fair?—I know they ease the heart.

Mother!

ISID. Oh! Guido,—cruel, cruel, cruel!

GUIDO. [aside.] By Heaven, my courage be-  
gins to fail; and I

Grow womanish. Now let me wring her heart,  
As she wrung mine.—Ah! there she weeps away

Almost to dissolution.—How she bends,

Like one who sickens with remorse or love;

And she, perhaps, has been betrayed.—Alas!

Poor Isidora!

ISID. Ah!—you spoke?—you spoke?

GUIDO. 'Twas nothing.

ISID. Nothing? It was all to me,

'Twas happiness—no, that is gone: 'twas Hope:

'Twas pardon. Oh! my lord, (Guido no more,)  
What have I done that you can use me thus?  
I would not for the world, for all the world,  
Put you to such great sorrow.

GUIDO. Shall I tell you?

ISID. Yes.

GUIDO. Listen to me, then. When you were  
young—

You are young still, and fair—the more's the  
pity:

But in the time I speak of, you were just  
Bursting from childhood—with a face as fair  
As tho' you had look'd in Paradise, and caught  
It's early beauty: then, your smile was soft,  
As Innocence before it learns to love.

And yet a woman's passion dwelt within  
Your heart, as warm as Love.—But I am wrong?

ISID. Oh! no. I loved—

GUIDO. Indeed!

ISID. Indeed, indeed!

GUIDO. Well!—There was one who loved  
you too.

He said

That every hope he had rested on you.

He worshipped you, as Idols are adored

In countries near the sun. He gave his heart

So absolutely up, that had he thought

Then, that you would desert him, he'd have slain

Himself before you. You were his home, his

heaven,

His wealth, his light, his mind, and life sub-  
stantial.—

But then he went away to the fierce wars,

(His honor was pledged for it), and he left

You, with an oath upon your soul, behind.

'Twas said he died—

ISID. One said he saw you fall.

GUIDO. 'Twas said he died, and that she  
grieved awhile,

In virgin widowhood for him. At last,

A Duke—A reigning Duke, with wintry hair,

And subtle spirit, and—without a heart,

Came wooing to her, and so—you do not heed  
me—

And so she dried her tears, and (tho' the youth

Wrote that he lived,) she laugh'd, and left the  
son,

To marry with the father.

ISID. And you wrote

To me?

GUIDO. To you, and him.

ISID. I feared 'twas so.

Now Heaven help me; for I'm wound about

By their strong toils, and there is no escaping.

Oh! I am worn, and broken down by grief.

I dare not hope that you'll believe me, yet

That letter, Guido—Oh, I never knew it;

I had no letter—saw no letter.

GUIDO. What!

I wrote to you from Naples: from my bed

Where I lay languishing, by Gaspero,

My father's servant. Why, I wrote—(has there

Been cozening here!)—unto my father: he

Will not deny't. Where is that slave!

ISID. Gaspero? He is dead.

GUIDO. He was my father's servant. Could

he be unfaithful? No.

ISID. Your father prized him much.

Oh! it is too clear: we are both undone.

GUIDO. It may be;—nay, it is. But, 'ere I

sink,

I will be righted some way, or revenged.

What! does he think to cheat me now, and

wear

His prize abroad so boldly—before me?

I'll have revenge.

ISID. He is your father, Guido:

Nay—

GUIDO. I disown him. He has lost his son.

Some parents shut their children from their homes,  
(Young boys and gentle girls) but I abjure  
My father in his age: let him go down  
Into his grave alone.

ISID. Do not incense him.

GUIDO. Whom?

ISID. The Duke.

GUIDO. You're right.

Call him no more my father. No; I'll talk  
As one man with his equal: or, perhaps,  
I may wear something of superior scorn,  
And drop a word or two of charity;  
But that will be for thy sake, my poor girl!

Nay, dry your tears: and let us part awhile.

ISID. Farewell.

GUIDO. Oh! not farewell yet. I but go

To see the Duke. When shall we meet again?

ISID. We must not; yet—

GUIDO. We will, we will, once more.

ISID. Hark!—hush! your father comes.

GUIDO. Why, that is well.

We will (I'm glad of't) say at once good mor-

row,

Without more ceremony.

ISID. No; not now,

Not now, I cannot bear it.—Nay, for me.

GUIDO. That is a charm I cannot disobey.

ISID. Quick, quick, he comes!

GUIDO. We'll meet again. Remember!

[ISID. *exit*.]

CURIO *enters*.

Well, Sir?

CURIO. My lord; his highness waits for you.

GUIDO. Where is he?

CURIO. In his private chamber, Sir.

GUIDO. Tell him, I come. [CURIO *exit*.]

Now, thou false Fortune, am I still thy fool?  
Shall I see him, and, like a cheated child,  
Believe each word he utters?—He was kind  
Once, amidst all his pride, to me: but now  
He has (has he not?) robbed me—stolen away  
The gem I love beyond the whole vast world,  
And with a selfish vanity, here, before  
My very eyes, he wears it to my shame—  
His shame, and my deep sorrow. Now, my  
heart,

I have known thee firm in danger, droop not  
now! [Exit.]

Mirandola is excited to jealousy  
by Isabella, who procures a ring from  
Isidora, which she gives to Guido,  
telling him Isidora sent it. The  
duke misses the ring from his wife's  
hand.

DUKE. You do not wear

The ring I gave you, dearest.—How was this?

ISID. The ring?

DUKE. Ay, love: the ring I chose

From out a hundred, ruby cased in gold,  
Shaped like a cross; I kissed it on your hand,  
And swore upon that cross to love you ever.

Where is it?—But no matter; when we feast  
Again, remember it—my favourite ring.

ISID. I will, my lord.

DUKE. Now sit—Give me a bowl  
Of wine!—There is a troubled spirit still  
Hanging about my heart. Some wine—enough  
I'll drown it quickly.—What a sparkling crown  
(Beaded too royally) floats on the top  
Of this clear liquid now, and tempts my taste.  
Guido, my son, health and fair life be yours;  
Your father speaks it with an earnest voice.

GUIDO. But, for the heart—

CASPI. Nay, now I disagree.

Methinks his heart is in it.

GUIDO. Excellent friend,

You always teach me well.—Father, I thank  
you.

DUKE. There is a cordial—something in that  
word.

Father!—'twas thus he spoke, for the first time  
Since his return, I think: 'Father!—How  
lovely

My young bride looks. Beautiful, beautiful  
love!

How fair—how utterly without a peer

She is!—Apostate that I was to doubt:

And yet I did not: no, no, no; I did not—  
Is that thy polit?

HYP. Yes, my dear lord.

DUKE. Oh! reveller!—

Sister, I have not noticed you; forgive 't.

My heart was full of trouble and deep joy;

Strange company, you'll say for one so wise

As I am thought to be; but so it is.

ISAB. What was the matter with my sister?

DUKE. When?

ISAB. Just now, she seemed to shrink.

DUKE. From me? from me?

Oh! you mistake. More wine: fill high!

Gentlemen! a brave welcome to my son!

Guido, my discord never, never come

Between us—Bring a goblet hither, Sirs,

And let him taste his welcome. Let the health

Pass round, and no one slight it. My dear son,

Give me your hand.—At Mantua once this—

Ah!— [He sees the ring.]

JULIO. Look!—What's the matter with the  
Duke?

GUIDO. My lord!

HYP. Look at my uncle, mother!

ISAB. Sir, be still!

LORD. Come forward—How?

ISID. My lord!—Ha!

GUIDO. Father, speak,

What means this?

DUKE. Nothing. I am quiet—calm.

The heavens are o'er us, and it may be—no-  
thing.

It may be—Ha! begone!—Now, now, forever  
I cast aside goodness and faith and love,

No more to be put on—masks as they are,  
To hide the base and villainous tricks of men.

Break up the feast! All leave us!—O bright  
Heaven!

Laugh you in scorn upon me? See! it shines  
Right through the windows, and the nodding  
pines

Shake their black heads and mock me.—Shall  
I swear

To kill? [The guests go out.]

GUIDO. Father!

DUKE. That is—

GUIDO. My lord!

DUKE. A lie,

Monstrous and foul, not to be said or thought.

ISID. My gracious lord!

DUKE. False painted thing, begone!

ISAB. Nay—

DUKE. Sister, will you drive me mad—out-  
rageous?

I am abused—abused, I tell you. Ha!

Now do you start?

ISAB. Retire, sweet Isadora,

And you, dear Guido, bid Gheraldi come.

GUIDO. Poor Isadora!—What a fate is thine!

[GUIDO and ISADORA *exit*.]

DUKE. Just then I had forgiven—almost for-  
got

All his most insolent taunts, all: and her cold  
Unwilling smiles, that made—that make me  
mad.

I could have loved her—like a fiery star,  
I could have bent before her from my path  
And worshipped her as something holy.—Now,  
O, now!

ISAB. Dear brother!

DUKE. Still am I the Duke.  
Must you too put aside respect? No matter.  
I'll keep my way alone, and burn away—  
Evil or good I care not, so I spread  
Tremendous desolation on my road:—  
I'll be remembered as huge meteors are,  
From the dismay they scatter.

GHERALDI *enters*.

GHER. Gracious Sir!—

DUKE. I wish to be alone.

O earth and heaven! so fair, so lovely, yet  
To be a—wretch!—Now for all future time  
I'll hate all things which seem as they were true,  
For then they're false, I know.—What I am  
I care not.—Father, draw you curtain down;  
Those sycophant branches with their beuding  
leaves

Mock me; they mock my misery—my pain.  
O how my heart aches!

ISAB. Brother, be composed.

DUKE. I cannot. Will you pour upon my brain  
Oblivion, or sweet balm over my heart?

No; then you jeer me when you bid me still

Be calm.—Would I were dull as Lethe is!

Or dead—dead: that were better; yet not so,

For I will live to be a terror still.

GHER. My lord!—

DUKE. And yet,—were it not better, now,  
To leave the world at once, and pass my age  
In cell or forest?—this has been.

GHER. My lord!

Perhaps the lady Isadora—

DUKE. Slave!

That word destroys me—tears me,—heart and  
soul.

Cannot I dream, or sleep, but thou must be  
(My black familiar) at my elbow? Monk!  
I hate your fawning—(Sister, stay your speech,)  
I hate your sly insinuating smiles,  
Your tongue that mocks your eyes and tells a  
tale

As foul as night. I will not trust that tongue;  
No, nor your eye, for both may be—false.

Audacious slave!

ISAB. Dear brother, I must speak.

DUKE. I've heard of men who in a moment  
have

Done deeds of blood; but I—I will not thus  
Redden my memory. Leave us, Monk—Be-  
gone. [GHERALDI *exit*.]

ISAB. Dear brother, you—

DUKE. And you too go.

Go, Isabella!—Nay, it must be so.

Leave me to think.

ISAB. Farewell!

[Exit.]

DUKE. To think—of what?

Of hell and all its horrors; for this earth,  
It seems, may have a hell as full of pains,  
And burning torture as was ever hid  
In the dark bowels of the rolling world.  
Places there are, 'tis said, where ill-starred souls  
Pine amongst flames. My flames are in the  
heart,

And in the head—the brain, and every nerve,  
And every trembling muscle of my frame.

O this hot ague! and my parching tongue  
Clings close and closer still, and thro' my eyes

Run blood and fire, and—Ah!—O false, false,  
false!

Hush! some one comes. What! shall the Prince  
be jeered?

I'll fly unto some corner, dark as night. [Exit.]  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PERCY ANECDOTES.

HOOKE.

The wealth of the celebrated Dr.  
Hooker, the operator and assistant of  
Boyle, was in his latter days considerable;



but he sunk into the habits of a perfect miser, from a fear that he should outlive his estate. He sometimes declared, that he intended to dispose of his estate for the advancement of natural knowledge, and to promote the ends of which the Royal Society was instituted; to build a handsome edifice for the society's use, with a laboratory, library, and repository; and to endow a professorship. If he ever seriously entertained this design, he forgot to put it into execution; and his property went to a distant relation. "I wonder," says Sir Godfrey Copley in a letter written a few weeks after Hooker's death, "old Dr. Hooker did not choose rather to leave his £12,000 to continue what he had promoted and studied all the days of his life—I mean mathematical experiments—than to have it to go to those whom he never saw or cared for. It is rare that virtuosos die rich; and it is a pity they should, if they were like him!"

#### THE COPLEY MEDAL.

Sir Godfrey Copley originally bequeathed five guineas, to be given at each anniversary meeting of the Royal Society to the person who had been the author of the best paper of experimental observations for the year preceding. In process of time, this pecuniary reward, which could never be an important consideration to a man of enlarged and philosophic mind, however narrow his circumstances might be, was changed into the more liberal form of a gold medal, in which form it is become a truly honourable mark of distinction, and a just and laudable object of ambition.

#### SYLVANUS URBAN.

When Lord Cobham was adorning his gardens at Stowe with the busts of famous men, he made inquiry of the family, for a picture of William Penn, in order to get a bust formed from it; but could find none. Sylvanus Urban, an old Quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he took of countenances, and a talent he possessed of cutting in ivory strong likenesses of persons he had once seen, hearing of Lord Cobham's desire, set himself to recollect Penn's face; with which he had been well acquainted; and cut a little bust of him in ivory, which he sent to Lord Cobham, without any letter or notice that it was Penn's. But Lord Cobham, who had personally known Penn, on seeing it, immediately cried out, "Whence comes this? It is William Penn himself;" and from this little bust the large one in the gardens was formed.

#### GOING TO MARKET.

A butcher and cattle dealer, who resided about nine miles from Alston, in Cumberland, had a dog which he usually took with him when he drove cattle to the market to be sold, and who displayed uncommon dexterity in managing them. At last so convinced was the master of the sagacity, as well as the fidelity of his dog, that he made a wager that he would entrust him with a fixed number of sheep and

oxen to drive alone to Alston market. It was stipulated that no person should be within sight or hearing, who had the least control over the dog; nor was any spectator to interfere, nor be within a quarter of a mile. On the day of trial, the dog proceeded with his business in the most steady and dexterous manner; and although he had frequently to drive his charge through the herds who were grazing, yet he never lost one, but conducting them into the very yard to which he was used to drive them when with his master, he significantly delivered them up to the person appointed to receive them, by barking at the door. What more particularly marked the dog's sagacity was, that when the path the herd travelled lay through a spot where others were grazing, he would run forward, stop his own drove, and then driving the others from each side of the path, collect his scattered charge and proceed. He was several times afterwards thus sent alone for the amusement of the curious or the convenience of his master, and always acquitted himself in the same adroit and intelligent manner.

#### PRESUMPTIVE GUILT.

In Smyrna there are a great number of storks, who build their nests and hatch their young very regularly. The inhabitants, in order to divert themselves at the expense of these birds, and gratify a cruel disposition, sometimes convey hen's eggs into the stork's nest; and when the young are hatched, the cock, on seeing them of a different form from his own species, makes a hideous noise, which brings a crowd of other storks about the nest, who to revenge the disgrace which they imagine the hen has brought upon her race, immediately peck her to death. The cock in the mean time, makes the heaviest lamentation, as if bewailing his misfortune, which obliged him to have recourse to such extreme punishment.

#### ACCOMPLISHED SHOPLIFTER.

A young gentleman lately residing in Edinburgh, was the master of a handsome spaniel bitch, which he had bought from a dealer in dogs. The animal had been educated to steal for the benefit of its protector; but it was some time ere his new master became aware of this irregularity of morals, and he was not a little astonished and teased by its constantly bringing home articles of which it had feloniously obtained possession. Perceiving at length that the animal proceeded systematically, in this sort of behaviour he used to amuse his friends, by causing the spaniel to give proofs of her sagacity in the Spartan art of privately stealing, putting of course the shopkeepers where he meant she should exercise her faculty on their guard as to the issue.

The process was curious, and excites some surprise at the pains which must have been bestowed to qualify the animal for these practices. As soon as the master entered the shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of recognizing or acknowledging any connection with him,

but lounged about in an indolent, disengaged, and independent sort of manner, as if she had come into the shop of her own accord. In the course of looking over some wares, his master indicated by a touch on the parcel and a look towards the spaniel, that which he desired she should appropriate, and then left the shop. The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following his master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or lie by the fire, watching the counter, until she observed the attention of the people of the shop withdrawn from the prize which she wished to secure. Whenever she saw an opportunity of doing so, as she imagined unobserved, she never failed to jump upon the counter with her fore feet, possess herself of the gloves, or whatever else had been pointed out to her, and escape from the shop to join her master.

#### DRAWING WATER.

Some years ago an ass was employed at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, in drawing water by a large wheel from a very deep well, supposed to have been sunk by the Romans. When his keeper wanted water, he would say to the ass, "Tom, my boy, I want water; get into the wheel, my good land;" which Thomas immediately performed with an alacrity and sagacity that would have done credit to a nobler animal; and no doubt he knew the precise number of times necessary for the wheel to revolve upon its axis, to complete his labour, because every time he brought the bucket to the surface of the well, he constantly stopped and turned round his honest head to observe the moment when his master laid hold of the bucket to draw it towards him, because he had then a nice evolution to make, either to recede or advance a little. It was pleasing to observe with what steadiness and regularity the poor animal performed his labour.

#### DESCENDING THE ALPS.

The manner in which the asses descend the precipices of the Alps is truly extraordinary. In the passes of these mountains there are often on one side lofty eminences, and on the other frightful abysses; and as these generally follow the direction of the mountains, the road instead of lying on a level, forms at every little distance steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses, and the animals themselves seem sensible of the danger from the caution which they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempts to spur them on, they are immovable. They seem all this time ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing themselves for the encounter: they not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having resolved on the descent, they put their fore feet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their

hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were going to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast in the saddle, without checking the reins; for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must unavoidably perish. Their address in this rapid descent is quite amazing; for in their swiftest motion, when they might seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow the different windings of the road, as if they had previously settled in their minds the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety.

#### FRIENDSHIP A GUIDING STAR.

Mr. Blaine, in his "Canine Pathology," relates, that a gentleman brought from Newfoundland a dog of the true breed which he gave to his brother, who resided in the neighbourhood of Thames Street; but who having no other means of keeping the animal except in close confinement, preferred sending him to a friend living in Scotland. The dog, who had been originally disembarked at Thames Street, was again re-embarked at the same place, on board a Berwick smack. During his stay in London, he had never travelled half a mile from the spot where he was landed. He had however contracted an affection for his master, and when he arrived in Scotland, his regrets at the separation induced him to take the first opportunity of escaping; and though he certainly had never before travelled one yard of the road, yet he found his way back in a very short time to his former residence in London, but in so exhausted a state, that he had only time to express his joy at seeing his master, and expired within an hour after his arrival.

#### VISITING ANTS.

M. Homberg relates, that there is a species of ants at Surinam, which the inhabitants call visiting ants. They march in troops, with the same regularity as a large and powerful army. As soon as they appear, all the coffers and chests of drawers in the house are set open for them, as they are sure to exterminate all the rats, mice, and other noxious animals, acting as if they had a particular commission from nature to destroy them. The only misfortune is, they pay their visits too seldom; they would be welcome every month, but they do not appear sometimes for three years together.

#### LION AND HIS KEEPER.

In the menagerie at Brussels, there is a lion called Danco, whose cage was lately in want of some repairs. His keeper desired a carpenter to set about them, but when the workman came and saw the lion, he started back with terror. The keeper entered the animal's cage, and led him to the upper part of it, while the lower was refitting. He there assisted himself for some time playing with the lion, and be-

ing wearied, he soon fell asleep. The carpenter fully relying upon the vigilance of the keeper, pursued his work with rapidity, and when he had finished, he called him to see what was done. The keeper made no answer. Having repeatedly called in vain, he began to feel alarmed at his situation, and he determined to go to the upper part of the cage, where looking through the railing, he saw the lion and the keeper sleeping side by side. He immediately uttered a loud cry; the lion awakened by the noise, started up and stared at the carpenter with an eye of fury, and then placing his paw on the breast of the keeper, lay down to sleep again. At length the keeper was awakened by some of the attendants, and he did not appear in the least apprehensive on account of the situation in which he found himself, but shook the lion by the paw, and then gently conducted him to his former residence.

#### MAKING SURE.

During the war betwixt Augustus Cæsar and Mark Antony, when all the world stood wondering and uncertain which way Fortune would incline her herself, a poor man at Rome, in order to be prepared for making, in either event, a bold hit for his own advancement, had recourse to the following ingenious expedient. He applied himself to the training of two crows with such diligence, that he brought them the length of pronouncing with great distinctness, the one a salutation to Cæsar, and the other a salutation to Antony. When Augustus returned conqueror, the man went out to meet him with the crow suited to the occasion, perched on his fist, and every now and then it kept exclaiming, *Salve Cæsar, Victor Imperator!* Hail Cæsar, Conqueror and Emperor! Augustus, greatly struck and delighted with so novel a circumstance, purchased the bird of the man for a sum which immediately raised him into opulence.

#### IMMOVABLE FIDELITY.

A dog, between the breed of a mastiff and a bull-dog, belonging to a chimney-sweeper, laid, according to his master's orders, on a soot-bag which he had placed inadvertently almost in the middle of a narrow back street, in the town of Southampton. A loaded coal cart passing by, the driver desired the dog to move out of the way. On refusing, he was scolded, then beaten, first gently, and afterwards with the smart application of the cart-whip; all to no purpose. The fellow, with an oath, threatened to drive over the dog—he did so, and the faithful animal in endeavouring to arrest the progress of the wheel, by biting it, was crushed to pieces.

#### FILIAL AFFECTION.

Mr. Turner, who resided long in America, mentions an affecting trait in the character of the bison when a calf. When ever a cow bison falls by the murderous hand of the hunters, and happens to have a calf, the hapless young one, far from attempting to escape, stays by its fallen dam with signs expressive of the strongest

natural affection. The body of the dam thus secured, the hunter takes no heed of the calf, of which he knows he is sure, but proceeds to cut up the carcase; then laying it on his horse, he returns home followed by the poor calf, which instinctively attends the remains of its dam. Mr. Turner says, that he has seen a single hunter ride into the town of Cincinnati, followed in this manner by three calves, which seemed each to claim of him the parent of whom he had cruelly bereft it.

Two spaniels, mother and son, were self-hunting in Mr. Drake's woods near Amersham, in Bucks. The gamekeeper shot the mother; the son frightened, ran away for an hour or two, and then returned to look for his mother. Having found her dead body, he laid himself down by her; and was found in that situation the next day by his master, who took him home, together with the body of the mother. Six weeks did this affectionate creature refuse all consolation, and almost all nutriment. He became at length universally convulsed, and died of grief.

#### TAME HARES.

In Borlase's Natural History of Cornwall, we have an account of a hare which was so domesticated, as to feed from the hand, lay under a chair in a common sitting room, and appear in every other respect as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself with the fresh air, always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a grayhound and spaniel, with whom it spent its evenings, the whole three sporting and sleeping together on the same hearth. What makes the circumstance more remarkable is, that the grayhound and spaniel were both so fond of hare-hunting, that they used often to go out coursing together, without any person accompanying them; they were like the "*sty couple*," of whose devotion to the chase an amusing instance has been already recorded.

Dr. Townson, the traveller, when at Gottingen, had brought a young hare to such a degree of frolicsome familiarity, that it would run and jump about his sofa and bed; leap upon, and pat him with its fore feet; or whilst he was reading, knock the book out of his hands, as if to claim, like a fondled child, the exclusive preference of his attention.

### THE LITERARY GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY JAMES MAXWELL,

Corner of Fourth and Walnut-streets,

AT SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable on the first of June.

Single numbers 12 1-2 cents.

Subscribers who are desirous of obtaining the Literary Gazette monthly, will be supplied with 4 numbers on the first of each month, stitched in covers: